

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI

Castro needs a little primary instruction as to who we are.

War balloonists are beginning to make battle-ships look old fashioned.

Persians now have the massacre fever. Oh, civilization is spreading, all right.

If Anna Gould's marriage should turn out happily, how surprised everyone would be!

The world-wide steel trust is warned not to give cause for an alteration of vowels in its name.

There are some people who didn't even look at their money after reading of the ten-dollar counterfeit bills.

A celebrated ornithologist says that butterflies are the best actors in the world, and he was not speaking of summer girls, either.

A New York woman committed suicide because she couldn't pay her rent. Some people go to extremes in trying to fool the landlord.

The board of education in Shanghai, China, has decided to punish the teachers of schools who report that some of the students are too bad to be educated.

A New York thief was arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced and started for prison within 24 hours. However, he is permitted to take his time about serving his term.

Commander Peary knows now who the candidates of the great political parties are, but he will have to wait until next summer to find out who has been elected.

Now that wireless telephone messages have been successfully transmitted over 12 miles between Newark and New York, the future of wireless telephony seems bright.

The newest and finest passenger stramer has a telephone in every stateroom, thus enabling passengers who are seasick to call one another up and describe in detail all their symptoms.

Latest disclosures of the inhuman treatment of prisoners in Yekaterin, St. Petersburg, are convincing that the worst had not been previously told about darkest Russia. But surely there is no worse to come.

Peary's last expedition northward is being referred to as "a race to the pole." If only there was a general belief that he will cover the complete stretch of the racetrack the game would be more exciting.

This proposition to give every horse employed in the postoffice department a 30 days' summer vacation further illustrates the comparative luxuriousness of working for Uncle Sam even on a modest salary. He's easy.

The shortest time around the world is claimed to have been made by Lieut. Col. Burnley Campbell, who left Liverpool on May 3, 1907, and on his return landed at Dover on June 13, 1907, covering the circuit in 40 days and 19 1/2 hours.

Prof. George E. Palmer of Harvard university in a recent lecture said in substance: "The scientific world swung to Darwinism and then swung back; the religious world swung over to the scientific position, and is swinging back."

The queen of Spain has made a quick recovery, and has left her room, while the new baby, now aged three weeks, takes his first promenade in the gardens of La Granja. The first thing we know, the youngster will be riding a pony and driving his elder brother to do stunts over the garden wall.

The meanest man in the world has been arrested in New York on the charge of cheating poets. He not only stole their songs, but also the money they sent with the verses in a prize competition. A man who would defraud a hardworking union poet should be made to read all the poetry he received.

A well-known French physician has written a long article upon the usefulness of tears, but he fails to note the fact that they often procure for a woman her own way when dealing with hard-hearted man. No woman who uses her ability to cry aright will agree with the person who speaks of "useless tears."

The following advertisement appears in a Hungarian journal: "Experienced person has opened a school for all those who desire to perfect themselves in the art of being humorous. Dry intellectual humor taught, as well as ordinary witticisms of daily life. Demonstrations in practical jokes if desired." Here's a great opportunity for the editor of London Punch.

JOHN HENRY ON BUTTERMILK.

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: I'm not yet hep to this gag of hiking across the geography from town to town, like a hop-toad in a cabbage-patch.

It may be interesting to some people, but it gets me peeved.

I found your letter waiting for me here.

So they've steered you up against a new cure for your dyspepsia, eh?—buttermilk!

And a great idea, Bunch, believe me!

It certainly is lucky to drink buttermilk.

Buttermilk is to the worn-out system the same as a fat-office is to a stout politician.

As a thirst-splasher buttermilk is the one best bet, but don't ever tell anyone in Milwaukee that I made such a statement.

Drink it, Bunch, every time you can, because buttermilk comes down to us from the remotest ages with splendid recommendations.

Every great man in history was a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Every great man who is now spending his time trying to get into history is a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Read between the lines in your history of ancient Rome, and you will see how buttermilk would have saved the life of Julius Caesar if he hadn't had such a weakness for hard cider.

"Where are you going?" inquired Calathumpla, the wife of Julius Caesar, as he fastened the gold safety pin in his toga and reached for his umbrella.

"I am going down to Rudolph March's cafe in the Forum," answered Julius; "you don't need to wait lunch for me, Calie."

"But, Julius," whispered Calathumpla; "why do you spend so much time at March's cafe in the Forum? It isn't a good place for you to go, my dear. Besides, there is always a bunch of loafers hanging around that joint. Why don't you sit here at home with me in the cool stadium and drink buttermilk with your loving Calathumpla?"

"Buttermilk!" sneered Julius; "such



"The Tides of March."

a drink is only for mollicoddies and plink fingers. It doesn't make rich blood in the veins like the hard cider I get at March's. Avaunt and raus mit'm!"

"But please don't go to that cafe this morning," Calathumpla kept on pleading. "Stay at home just this once and spread some of this delicious buttermilk over your thirst."

"No buttermilk this day for me," answered Julius. "I seek a vintage more expensive, and which tickles more as it goes down."

"The tides of March," whispered his wife; "remember the tides of March!"

"Would this be the first tide I ever

By Inference.

The magistrate looked severely at the small, red-faced man who had been summoned before him, and who returned his gaze without flinching.

"So you kicked your landlord downstairs?" said the magistrate. "Did you imagine that was within the rights of a tenant?"

"I'll bring my lease in and show it to you," said the little man, growing still redder, "and I'll wager you'll agree with me that anything they've forgotten to prohibit in that lease I had a right to do the very first good chance I got."—Youth's Companion.

Have Learned to Dress Well.

Ellen Terry says that when she came to this country in 1883 some of the women wore Indian shawls and diamond earrings on the street, dressing too grandly for the street and too shabbily for the theater. She now finds that the women know how to wear the demitasse as well as their French sisters and are beautifully dressed, not only for the street, but in full dress at the theaters.

got from March?" Julius whispered back.

"The tides of March, remember," was her only answer; and away went Julius to the cafe in the Forum, giving an imitation of Joe Weber whistling "Girls! Girls!" from the Burlesque of "The Merry Widow," which was then running at the Amphitheater.

What happened in the Forum when the loafers used Julius Caesar for a pin-cushion everybody remembers.

And when Julius dropped on the marble slab at the base of the bar he gasped out: "Darn the luck! Why didn't I fall for the buttermilk which



"The Next Time We Meet—"

stingeth not, neither does it help people to bite the dust?"

You won't find these exact words in history, Bunch, because Julius gasped them in Latin, and Latin hates to get itself translated.

Many other times in the ages passed did buttermilk come to the surface, so you may take it from me, Bunch, that it is lucky to drink it.

Yes, Bunch, and I'll give you my solemn word that buttermilk will remove freckles.

Catch the freckle just before going to bed and wrap the buttermilk around it.

I was reading a book on the train the other day which attempted to put me wise to the reincarnation gag. It's a far shout from buttermilk to reincarnation, Bunch, but maybe you need something like that last thing, after so much buttermilk.

Reincarnation is a long, loose-looking word, and to a perfect stranger it might sound suspicious, but its bark is worse than its bite.

The idea of a man being somebody else in a previous existence, then switching to another personality in the present, is interesting to think about, to say the least.

I've cooked up three or four studies along these lines which may interest you, Bunch!

Go to it, my boy!

FIRST STUDY.

The ghost of Julius Caesar looked threateningly at Brutus, the Stablist: Brutus sneered.

"You," he said, "to the mines!"

Not one of Caesar's muscles quivered.

Brutus used a short, sharp laugh.

"You," he said, "on your way!"

Caesar never batted an eyelash.

Brutus pointed to the rear.

"Go away back," he said, "and use your laziness!"

Caesar pulled his toga up over his cold shoulder.

Brutus laughed again, and it was the saucy, triumphant laugh of the man who dodges in front of a woman and grabs a seat on the elevated railroad.

"The next time we meet you will not do me as you did me at the base

of Pompey's statue," said the ghost of Caesar, speaking for the first time since we began this study.

"We will not meet again because I refuse to associate with you," said Brutus.

Caesar smiled, but it was without mirth, and as cold as the notice of suspension on the door of a bank.

"Yes, we will meet again," said Caesar.

"Where?" asked Brutus.

"In the far, far future," said the ghost of Caesar, shriekingly, "you will be born into the world again by that time, and in your new personality you will be one of the Common People, and you will burn gas."

"And you?" inquired Brutus.

"I will be the spirit which puts the ginger in the gas-meter, and may Heaven have mercy on your pocket-book," shrieked the ghost of Caesar.

Brutus took a fit, and used it for many minutes, but the ghost kept on shrieking in the Latin tongue.

SECOND STUDY.

Napoleon stood weeping and walling and gnashing his eyebrows on the battle-field of Waterloo.

He was waiting for the moving-picture man to get his photograph.

The victorious Wellington made his appearance, laughing loudly in his sleeve.

"Back, Nap! Back to the Boulevard des Dago!" commanded Wellington.

Napoleon put his chin on his wish-bone and spoke no word.

"You," said Wellington; "you to the Champs Elise! This is my victory, and you must leave the battle-field—it is time to close up for the night."

"We will meet again, milord," answered Napoleon. "Avec beau temps isi bong swat!"

"What does that mean?" asked Wellington.

"It means that the next time we meet I will do the swatting," answered Napoleon, bitterly.

"And when will that be?" inquired Wellington, laughing loudly.

"In the far, far future," replied the Little Corporal. "You will then be one of the Common People."

"And what will you be?" Wellington asked.

"You will live in Brooklyn," Napoleon went on, like a man in a dream; "and I will be the spirit of progress, which will meet you at the Brooklyn Bridge at eventide and kick you in the slats until your appetite



"Napoleon Stood Weeping."

is unfit for publication. Bon soir mes enfants du spitzbuben!"

Then the Little Corporal called a cab and left Wellington alone on the battle-field.

Don't mind me, Bunch; there's no more harm in me than there is in a rattlesnake. Yours as indicated,

J. H.

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Near a Bad Bargain.

The agent of the titled wooer found that the ambitious American girl had only \$150,000 a year.

Of course, he advised his principal to withdraw.

"But," insisted the latter, "I could scrape along on \$150,000 a year."

"Possibly, but who'd support your wife?"

Even love could put forth no argument against this.

BUTTERMILK AND FAME

Perhaps some scientist will explain what there is in churned milk which makes men wax great. Think of a Scotchman like Andrew Carnegie telling what benefits may be derived from this mild intoxicant, praising it far above the best Scotch ever distilled.

President Roosevelt has boomed a roadside house in the National Rock Creek reservation in Washington on account of the excellent brand of buttermilk which may be imbibed on its shady veranda. The house sells more exhilarating drinks, but through its buttermilk it is famous. The president and his friends drop in there at least once a day for a drink and sometimes several times when the air is torrid. Gen. Miles drinks buttermilk and so does Admiral Dewey. Vice-President Fairbanks has said in the presence of veritable witnesses that earth contains nothing finer in the way of food and drink than a slice of custard pie and a glass of cold, fresh buttermilk. The cocktail man is long-

some these days, and he sneaks off by himself to indulge. Buttermilk has the place of honor for those who wish to be counted among the truly great.

Why Women Grow Fat.

"There are more fat women to the square mile in New York than in any other city of the United States," said a dealer in an anti-fat preparation.

"How do I account for so much obesity? Well, I suppose because this is a city of such long distances and there are so many surface and elevated car lines in all directions that women get into the habit of riding wherever they go. They soon become lazy and think they will feel fatigued if they walk six blocks. Then they eat heartily and are too fond of sweetmeats. The fair sex seem to be more worried over being fat than thin, though I think of the two a fat woman never looks as bad as a fat man, because her clothes help to hide her ungraceful proportions."

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OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T.



"You certainly wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you, Tom?"

"Of course not; neither would I have the heart to let her become an old maid because she happened to be well off."

What a Poultry Man Says About 20-Mule Team Borax.

As I am in the poultry business, I had ten white chicks to wash and prepare for a show. I used "20-Mule Team" Soap for washing the birds, and I can say from years of experience washing white birds, never before have I found a soap or Borax that cleaned my birds so fine and easy. I had a great deal of comment on my birds being so white. J. A. Dinwiddle, New Market, Tenn. All dealers—1/4, 1 and 5 lb. cartons. Sample and booklet, 5c. Pacific Coast Borax Co., Chicago.

Absorbing.

Silas—Ha! Ha! Reuben got bunked again.

Cyrus—Do tell! What was it this time?

Silas—Why, Reuben saw an ad that stated that for one dollar they would send him some of the most absorbing literature he ever read.

Cyrus—And what did they send him?

Silas—Why, they sent him a pamphlet entitled "How Blotters Are Made" and another entitled "Points on Turkish Towels."

The Old-Time Boy.

The boy of to-day who complains of anything should be made to read the rules and regulations laid down for boys in old colonial days. He had to stand up at the table. He must go to bed at candlelight. He must not sit down in the presence of a visitor. He must not shout. He must not run without cause. He must not throw stones at animals or birds. He must not idle on the street, and if he had been found trying to stand on his head he would have gone to jail for a week.

Warm Welcome Assured.

"And you say you haven't been home all the afternoon?" reprimanded the old lady on the bridge.

"No'm," confessed the small boy with wet hair.

"Well, why don't you go home right away? Your mother will be wearing her soul away for you."

The little boy was thoughtful.

"Yessum, but if I get there before my hair dries she will be wearing a shingle away for me. You see, I've been in swimming."

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.